

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place refer'd Sir,
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
 What is't that moues your Highnesse?
Macb. Which of you haue done this?
Lords. What my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake
 Thy goary lockes at me.
Rosse. Gentleman life, his Highnesse is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
 And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
 The fit is momentary, upon a thought
 He will againe be well. If much you note him
 You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
 Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
 Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper stuffe:
 This is the very painting of your feare:
 This is the Ayre-drawne Dagger which you said
 Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and starts
 (Impostors to true feare) would well become
 A womans story, at a Winters fire,
 Authoriz'd by her Grandom: shame it selfe,
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done
 You looke but on a stool:
Macb. Prithee see there:
 Behold, looke, loe, how say you:
 Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too?
 If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send
 Those that we bury, backe; our Monumentes
 Shall be the Mawres of Kyles.
La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
La. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time
 Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
 I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
 Too terrible for the eare. The tunces has bene,
 That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
 And there an end: But now they rise againe!
 With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
 And push vs from our stools. This is more strange
 Then such a murder is.
La. My worthy Lord
 Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
 Do not mufe at me my most worthy Friends,
 I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
 Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghost.
 I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th' whole Table,
 And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:
 Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,
 And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
 Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres
 But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
 Onely it spoiles the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves
 Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
 And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
 If trembling I inhabit thee, protest mee
 The Baby of a Gisle. Hence horrible shadow,
 Vnrecall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
 I am a man againe: pray you sit still.
La. You haue displac'd the mirth,
 Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
 And ouercome vs like a Summers Cloud,
 Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
 Euen to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
 And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
 When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Rosse. What sights, my Lord?
La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
 Question enrages him: at once, goodnight,
 Stand not vpon the order of your going,
 But go at once.
Len. Goodnight, and better health
 Attend his Maiesly.
La. A kinde goodnight to all.
Macb. It will haue blood they say:
 Blood will haue blood:
 Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:
 Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue
 By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
 At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send;
 There's not a one of them but in his house
 I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
 (And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
 More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
 By the worst of means, the worst, for mine owne good,
 All causes shall giue way. I am in blood
 Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go ore:
 Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
 Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.
La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
 Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:
 We are yet but yong indeed.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
Hec.

1. Why how now *Hec*, you looke angrily?
Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
 Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
 To Trade, and Traffike with *Macbeth*,
 In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistis of your Charmes,
 The close contriuer of all harmes,
 Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
 Or shew the glory of our Art?
 And which is worse, all you haue done
 Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
 Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
 Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: Get you gon,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
 Will come, to know his Destinie.
 Your Vessels, and your Spels provide;
 Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
 I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend
 Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
 Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
 Vpon the Corner of the Moone
 There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
 Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
 And thar distill'd by Magicke flights,
 Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
 As by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
 He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
 His hopes 'bout his Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
 And you all know, Security
 Is Mortals cheefest Enemy.
Musicke, and a Song.
 Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
 Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.
 1. Come, let's make haf, shee'l soone be
 Backe againe.

Scena Sexta.

Enter *Lenox*, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
 Haue but hir your Thoughts
 Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
 Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
 Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
 And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
 Whom you may say (if it please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
 For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
 To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
 How it did greue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
 In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
 That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?
 Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
 For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
 To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
 He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
 That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
 (As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he say'd
 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?
Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
 LIVES in the English Court, and is recey'd
 Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
 Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
 That by the helpe of these (with him about)
 To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
 Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
 Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
 Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
 Prepares for some attempt of Warre.
Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
 The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
 And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
 That clogges me with this Answer.
Lenox. And that well might
 Advise him to a Caution, to hold what distance
 His wisedome can provide. Some holy Angell
 Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
 His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
 Vnder a hand accurs'd.
Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
 2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
 3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
 1. Round about the Caldron go:
 In the poylond Entrailles throw
 Toad, that vnder cold stone,
 Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
 Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
 Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble;
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
 2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
 In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
 Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
 Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
 Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
 For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
 Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
 3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
 Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulfe
 Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:
 Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
 Liuer of Blaspheeming Tew,
 Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
 Sluer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

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